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"I *wont* philosophize and *will* be read."
BYRON.

JOURNAL OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.—NO. III.

IT is unfortunate for the poor editors of an unsuccessful periodical, that they should be compelled to come forward and bring the first tidings of their own disgrace to the public who decreed it. Yet have our malignant stars brought this shame to our door. Know, then, Reader, gentle or ungentle, as thou mournest or rejoicest in our unhappy fortune, that there is not found, no, not in New England, enough, I will not say of generosity, but of taste, to support that most inestimable publication, that pearl of Periodicals, the Harvard Register. Since the burning of the Alexandrine Library, we know of no calamity in literary history of such universal mischief, such sad presage. As the nomination of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency alarmed Mr. Jefferson's fears for the permanence of our liberties, so the discouragement of the Harvard Register has gone far to demolish all our hopes of an American Literature. The Polyglots' occupation 's gone!—gone are our nascent visions of laurels and evergreen chaplets, and the fancied echoes of the trumpet of Fame! 'Jam nos premit nox, Fabulæque Manes.'

Reader, we part, but let us part in friendship. On our side, though in modest assurance we possess our souls, yet we forbear the language of reproach. Since as authors, we are to die, we would, like the Pilgrim, be laid in the chamber called Peace. Only let the public be duly grateful for our bland intentions. It has been easy since the days of Juvenal to write satires, and we Poly-

glots have at command the whole arsenal of ancient wordy warfare. We may be provoked to wield, to the sore discomfiture of Non-subscribers and Ex-subscribers, the cruel Iambics, or to imprecate Minerva's curse on a purblind, thankless generation, or to forbid, in true Horatian rage,* from ever entering with us steamboat or stage-coach, the wretch who hath slighted our work. We have but to stamp on the ground, and the delinquents will be overwhelmed in a storm of classic invective.

We do, however, altogether disclaim these projects of revenge. The existence of our Register has been, like that of Achilles, brief and glorious; and the trunk-makers can scarcely pass their fatal compliment on so small a volume. Meantime, in evidence of our entire good will toward all men, we have resolved to continue our regular journal, and exhibit the Polyglots under those trying circumstances, in which men of less philosophy would shrink from observation. One word of preamble. We deprecate the shocking error which makes the Polyglots a mere ideal consecration, that now its authorship is over, like Jedediah Cleishbotham when his tale was told, melts into thin air. Let not our benevolent Fraternity be doomed to dark annihilation, out of pure revenge for their incognito. Shall Martext, Sturdy, the loquacious Smalltalk, the solid Grimes, and all the remaining dignities of our sacred Nine, receive no better accommodations from the hospitality of the literary world, than a spare apartment in the Limbo of Vanity? Shall they be hailed with the unkind salutation,

> Unreal mockery! Hence!
> The powers of Gratitude and Truth forbid!

The Club assembled at the usual hour at the Tabernacle, on the evening of Jan. ——. We were not ignorant of the tidings we came to hear, but then we wanted to be officially informed, as a man likes to read his friend's death in the newspaper, after he has been invited to the funeral. I looked at the chairs—they are a favourite subject of my observation—I have frequently made shrewd guesses from their position about a room, at the spirits and feelings of the company who have quitted them, and never failed to detect a family-party, by the dull, circumambient row. On this occasion, they were not curiously arranged in humble compensation for the luxurious sofa, attesting our ease of body and mind. Instead of our ordinary, semi-recumbent, antique attitudes, we were all solemn and erect. And when called to order, a measure, in this case, quite superfluous, it was with grim resolution that we heard from the President, that our publishers had refused any

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* —— Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgârit arcanæ, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilémque mecum
Solvat phaselum.

Hor. Car. II. Lib. III.

longer to continue the Harvard Register, alleging as their reason the deficiency of public patronage.

We bore it like Stoics. Somewhat I caught of murmurs of poetic rage that escaped the incautious Martext; and Solomon Pry was unable to repress a groan. For a moment we were still, and then with one accord engaged in animated conversation. We laughed heartily at the bad taste of mankind at large, dwelt on our own peculiar excellences, and recounted all the instances of persecuted genius from Corneille to Chatterton. Long time we were employed in the benevolent offices of mutual flattery; the hours rolled away, and we felt that it was time to decide upon our conduct for the future. We deliberated, advised, pondered—at length it was unanimously

Resolved, that the Polyglot Club view with disdain the insinuations that their existence is dependent upon that of the Harvard Register, and that they will continue to assemble at the Tabernacle for the purposes of literary investigation and sublime communion, though the world shall no longer be benefited by the results of their studies and intercourse.

What a pity, observed Brother Blank Etcetera, that the things which concern the glory of this generation are hid from their eyes! Here have we been employed, foreseeing the approaching wreck of colleges and corporations, in the composition of a panegyric on Cambridge and its University, which would have gone down, side by side with Isocrates and Pindar, to remotest ages. And I have in my pocket a dissertation concerning the lost books of Livy, containing information to be gained from no other sources in the world, and proposing sure means for their immediate recovery.

We were so much struck with the very just observation of Brother Blank Etcetera, that it was

Resolved, that we deeply sympathize with posterity in the loss they are to sustain of our unvalued communications, and we unfeignedly regret the illiberal spirit of the present age, which has rendered inevitable their suppression.

An adjournment was soon after moved.

(Attest) S. Pry, Esq.
Secretary.

Sketches by N. P. Willis. S. G. Goodrich. Boston. 1828.

We sit down with great pleasure to express our opinion of this little volume of poems. We are sometimes troubled by an apprehension, that we have not yet hardened our brow to the unabashed brass that belongs to our vocation. We are a little afraid we do not sit in our critical chair, with all that imperturbable ease and effrontery, that long habits of demolishing authors never fail to confer. We have modestly suspected that the veteran writers, whom we have graciously noticed in former numbers, might not give our strictures all that profound consideration which they unquestionably deserved; might even affect to despise the criticism of scholars who have hardly assumed the *toga virilis*, and like the famous Philistine champion, might presume to deride their puny and ill-appointed antagonists. It may not be immodest to suggest, that there is at least one circumstance in our situation that qualifies us for criticism,—we come to the judgment of a work with no preconceived opinions, and our mind is open to the impression, favorable or unfavorable, which it is calculated to make. But, not to insist on our admirable adaptation to the duties of criticism, when a simple bachelor of arts, just absolved from his academical allegiance, makes his appearance on the arena, he is a being, we say it boldly, whom we can fully understand, and whom we seize on as our proper prey. And though our notions of the office and of the competence of our Club to deal honor and shame are very high, Mr. Willis may rest assured of the very friendly feeling in which we offer our remarks.

Mr. Willis's poetry is eminently modern poetry. It is easy, refined, and intellectual, without involving any deep philosophy, or drawing upon very extensive treasures of knowledge. It is full of those inverse analogies that mark the poetry of the times, whereby we trace in the phenomena of nature a resemblance to the phenomena of the moral world, and in the contemplation of material beauties are continually reminded of their influence on the mind, and their share in its education. The melancholy Jaques is the great prototype of this class of observers of nature, 'who moralize the spectacle into a thousand similies,' but they have improved upon their master, and combined with his fine vein of

querulous humor no small measure of their own recent metaphysics. It is a style peculiar to authors who have been bred in cities, and been imbued with elegant letters, and in whom the love of woods, and waters, and fields, is a later passion, the result of a refined taste, rather than the native enthusiasm that glows in the breast of the all-untutored bard who seeks and adores Nature for her own perfections. We would instance, in illustration of these remarks, the "Dawn," and "Scraps from a Journal." We mention these very beautiful pieces by way of eminence, although the whole book is characterised by the peculiarity we have described.

There may be detected in these poems an agreeable strain of poetic egotism, which, though we think with Lavater, that it introduces the author to our confidence and acquaintance, and thereby connects us with him in a new relation, yet, like more vulgar egotism, grows at length to be tedious; and it is apt to prove so pleasant to the writer to dwell on his particular circumstances and character, which furnish him with exhaustless matter without the expense of laborious thought, that he is tempted to resort too often to this fertile and attractive subject. When a man speaks of himself, it is difficult to draw the line between frankness and vanity, and it is especially hard to decide to what extent a poet may be permitted to make himself his subject, in order to give his work the interest of a naked exhibition of the ideas and affections of one individual mind to another, and still avoid the bad taste of unauthorized intrusion. Mr. Coleridge has somewhere observed, that an agreeable poem, depending for its charm upon its disclosure of the character and feelings of the author, is no certain indication of poetical talent. Perhaps the genius of Lord Byron affords the most splendid exception to this rule—whose whole poetry is a mere developement of himself, of his noble but abused nature, his admiration for heroism, and his sympathy with licentiousness.

Mr. Willis has been occasionally betrayed into that unhappy vagueness of thought and language which has given to the mass of modern poetry so ill a name. New poetry has had very much the same reputation in the eyes of men of taste, as new wine with the epicure, or new men with the aristocracy. We have the same world and the same humanity, that the ancient bards enjoyed and sung. But modern poets, misapprehending their office, and impatient of the

toil indispensable to the attainment of the severe excellence of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, have sought the honor of creating for the Muse another sphere. They neglect the topics lawful to eloquence in 'prose or numerous verse,' and attempt to dignify what in its nature is humble, by making it confused and dim. They intend to wrap their notions in an intellectual mist, which shall perform for them the same kind office of exaggeration, that the fogs effect in the outward world, when they impose on our imperfect vision the most familiar objects in new and monstrous shapes. They forget that "accuracy is in every case advantageous to beauty, and just reasoning to delicacy of sentiment." They belong to that order of poets whom the ingenious satire of Aristophanes represents as feeding on clouds. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is the sole secret of their sublimity.—Into this error, we apprehend Mr. W. has sometimes fallen. In the sacrifice of Abraham, he tells us that the face of the patriarch,

> Impressed with the stern majesty of grief,
> Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
> Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.

We must confess we are at a loss to perceive the exactness of the analogy. Again,

> Oh! press on!
> For the high ones and powerful shall come
> To do you reverence; and the beautiful
> Will know the purer language of your brow,
> And read it like a talisman of love!

There is a meaning in this and a few similar passages, but it is indistinct, and the sensations we experience in reading them are uncomfortable and perplexed. It will be indeed to be regretted, if one so capable of clear conception and vivid description, shall prefer to shroud his ideas in unnecessary obscurity.

There is a repetition of a few favorite expressions and images which, in so small a volume, should have been avoided. In almost every poem some spice is *flung* upon the wind, or some gift is *flung* upon a shrine. His pictures of female beauty remind you that they are drawn by the same pencil,—and whenever we are introduced to a new paragraph, it is in precisely the same form of a short abrupt line.

But when all the failings have been noticed, which a dili-

gent search can expose, we owe to the author a large debt of praise. He has shown himself to possess a delicate taste, a rich imagination, a fine ear for the music of language. Moreover, he has a higher excellence, and one which has always been possessed in the greatest degree by the greatest masters of the art, a clear perception of the beauty of virtue, and of the perfect coincidence between pure affection and elegant taste. We do not greet him with the dubious compliment of Palemon to the song of the swains,

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt."

We are anxious that the pledge he has given to the public of future eminence, may be amply redeemed. We do not hesitate to say, that we think he has written better poetry than any of our American poets, Mr. Bryant alone excepted.

Mr. Willis will excuse us if, before closing this article, we suggest to him, that we have joined in the regrets we have heard expressed by those whose opinion is entitled to our respect, that one, whose writings have displayed so much poetic talent, should have allowed himself to dismiss his poems so early from his hand. Those who are greedy of present applause must always be so at a sacrifice of future fame. It is because we respect his powers, that we exhort him to be less prodigal of them. Let him leave to others the nine days' honor of filling the columns of albums and newspapers, and give himself to studies, which Horace, and Pope, and Gray would commend. We would have him estimate the talent with which he is endowed, and improve it to noble purpose. Even barbarous nations know how to appreciate their minstrels, and set apart from common and unclean pursuits those who are to embalm in immortal verse, their achievements and history. We would not fall behind their example; we would withdraw our youthful poets from the turmoil and fopperies of busy or fashionable life, to the retirement, the vigils, and labors of a holy ambition.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GREAT MEN.

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious guests
Upon thy doings! thousand scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

SHAKSPEARE.

We have all of us had occasion to observe the multitude of books, which immediately swarm out from the press, after the death of a great man, under the various titles of Lives, Memoirs, Sketches, Anecdotes, Conversations, &c.; and equally worthy of note is the eagerness with which these catch-penny publications, vapid though they be as a thrice-told tale, are bought up and devoured by the reading public. The interest which we always feel in the minutest concerns of greatness is sharpened by the removal of its object, and the caterers for the public palate avail themselves, with admirable dexterity, of the temporary excitement. But our feverish curiosity is not confined to the history of great men; if a person of any notoriety will make the public the confidant of the passages of his life, that good natured personage will thankfully acknowledge the compliment and feel a due sense of the honor conferred upon him. When such little men for instance, as third rate dramatists, or fourth rate composers of music, are kind enough to favor the world with a thick octavo volume of reminiscences, filled with greenroom gossip, stage chitchat, and all the stale lees of the theatre and opera house, interspersed with original anecdotes of ten thousand 'distinguished personages,' and 'highly honorable friends,' the work is published and rapidly sold on both sides of the Atlantic, praised in the reviews, quoted in the papers, and even majesty itself patronises the undertaking and graciously condescends to permit it to be laid as an offering at its feet. It requires no philosophy to know why we read the autobiography of such men as Göthe and Alfieri with so much interest, but Aristotle himself would be puzzled to tell from what sources we derive sufficient courage to wade through the interminable pages perpetrated by such gentlemen as Messrs. Kelly, Reynolds, & Company.

Perhaps no books are read by us with so much interest as

the minute lives of truly great men. Our curiosity is as voracious as the daughter of the horse leech—we wish to know every thing which distinguishes the individual of whom we are reading from all other individuals dead or living, we would be present at all his out-goings and in-comings, we would learn every thing he did, said or thought from his boyhood to the day of his death. The fashion of his dress, the tone of his voice, his hand writing, his gait, the books that he reads, are all full of interest to us. Generally speaking, we learn but little of a man when we read his life, so called. There is so much misstated from ignorance, so much softened from partiality, so much that is unintelligible from a want of knowledge of accompanying circumstances, and so much omitted which can be supplied only by conjecture, that when we have finished the book, our curiosity has been but half gratified and a painful sense of unsatisfied longing still remains. We are told where the great man was born, where educated, the books he wrote, the speeches he made, the honors he obtained, whom he married and how he died—but of the individual himself, who did all these things, how little do we know! He seems to be ever acting a part, to be studious of effect, his attitudes are all stiff and proper, his motions formal and tutored. We desire to follow him from the court-house and the hall of legislation and behold him chatting familiarly in his arm-chair or sitting by his own fireside, when his cumbrous dignity is thrown off and his character wears an undress. We can hardly realize that great men eat, drink, sleep and talk like ourselves—our surprise is like that of the peasant, who, when he saw the king of France dining in public, exclaimed 'Mon Dieu! le roi mange!' The boy who sees the kings and queens in a play is much amazed when he is told that they are common men and women drest up for the occasion, and we are often surprised in the same way, when we look into the private life and habits of eminent men. When we peep behind the scenes, we may see the humorist who has set the world in a roar, transformed into a most gloomy visaged wretch, and the misanthrope whose very thoughts seem clad in mourning, into an amusing and witty personage, the delight of his friends and the life of the circle in which he moves. Literary history swarms with examples in point. Burton, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, was a most jolly, laughter-loving soul, or to borrow the quaint

language of Wood, 'merry facete and juvenile.' Lord Byron, as is well known was remarkable for his powers of wit and humor, and Mrs. Radcliffe used to make herself very merry at the expense of those weakminded people, who were made unhappy by her romances. Thomson, who wrote so beautifully in praise of industry, was lazy enough to have been the hero of his own castle of Indolence. Steele, at the time he published his Christian Hero, was one of the greatest rakes in London

Some characters will not bear this minute scrutiny, while others will come out from it like tried gold from the furnace, and yet to superficial observers they may seem equally amiable and equally noble. We may be at this moment doing the grossest injustice to the memory of many, on whose names a foul blot rests, because the world judged of them by their public works and writings. For aught we know, Machiavelli and Richelieu may naturally have been openhearted, and Cromwell merciful. We mean not to assert the fact, but merely its possibility. How much of the character of the great Lord Chatham do we learn from the letters he wrote to his son and his nephew. We are accustomed to consider him merely as a politician and an orator, the terror of the House of Commons, the favorite of his king, the darling of the people, baffling the intrigues of enemies foreign and domestic, and wielding the sceptre of an intellectual power such as few men have ever enjoyed. But in his letters we see nothing that reminds us of the politician, who is generally supposed to look on the dark side of human nature. They breathe the elasticity and delightful freshness of feeling of one whose life had been 'all poetry,' and they make us feel a love for his person equal to the admiration which was before excited in us by his talents and his character.

There is an odious propensity which is to be distinguished from the natural and proper curiosity which we feel respecting the private life of greatness. We mean that fondness which is but too common, for exaggerating the foibles of eminent men, and drawing aside the veil with which courtesy hides the infirmities of genius. Scandal has been busy with many great names, with men who have long slept in glory, and whose names are watchwords in the ranks of the literary republic. A passage from a letter or an anecdote preserved by the good natured officiousness of some gossipping scribler,

is sufficient to outweigh the evidence of volumes of books a nd years of life. It is too true that there have been many who have shamefully prostituted their high powers, and whose lives have been a melancholy illustration of their writings ; but a great bad man, like a city on a hill, cannot be hidden. Posterity will esteem him rightly, and no one need fear that such a one shall not receive the justice that is due. But to upbraid a great man over his cold ashes for the faults which are the heir-looms of humanity, and which are readily excused in common men, and to rake in the dunghill of contemporary scandal, for proofs to substantiate the foul charges, with an industry which would be praiseworthy, if exerted for a good purpose, is most base, dastardly and ignoble. The man who delights to contemplate the errors of greatness, makes a tacit confession that he belongs to an inferior order of spirits, for his gratification can arise solely from his feeling, that he himself has something in common with the wisest and best of our species, and that the more imperfections he can find in the character of him whom the world calls great and good, the nearer he brings him down to his own level. He, who with a host of virtues is held up to the public hiss for a few failings, may be likened to Achilles, who, invulnerable in all other parts of his body, died from a wound in his heel.

But to return to the more direct consideration of our subject. The answer of Dr. Johnson to some one who told him that Mr. Boswell intended to write his life and publish it after his death, is well known. We have reason to be very grateful to the surly moralist that he did not put his threat in execution ; for if he had, we should have sustained a serious loss. Boswell's life, is one of the most instructive and amusing books in the English language. It is perused with equal pleasure by the boy and the man, by the philosopher and by him who reads merely for the sake of reading. Its great charm is its minuteness—nothing is left to the imagination, we are familiar with the Doctor's wig and knee buckles, and should know his cane among a thousand. We would not have a line, nor a word blotted out, not even a single emphatic 'Sir.' But by a singular perversity of temper, notwithstanding the pleasure we derive from the book itself, we invariably feel a kind of contempt for its painstaking author, who stands in the same relation to his great idol, that the fly does to the amber which encloses and preserves it. We bestow but little

admiration on the man who sacrificed his independence for the sake of making an interesting book, and acknowledge with reluctance his claims to our gratitude, because he yielded to the almost irresistible temptation of introducing rather too often, the first person singular of the personal pronoun.

It is to be regretted that we know so little of the private life of many who have been illustrious by their virtues, or their talents. Every one must have observed a striking difference in this respect; of the private life of some great men, we know much, of others, almost nothing. Milton is one of the former, so is Pope and Cowper, and more than all, Lord Byron. The personal images of these are always associated with their works; they have so wrought themselves into their writings, that the connexion is indissoluble. We are acquainted with the whole texture of their lives; and our conceptions of them have an essential individuality. But how little do we know of Shakspeare or Spenser. Their names are beautiful dreams, lovely sounds in our ears; they are to us like Orpheus, Linus and Musæus. Our notion of Shakspeare is that of a handsome man in a Vandyke dress, with a peaked beard, a falling ruff, a magnificent brow, and an eye rich with eternal thoughts. Tradition tells us that he was a delightful companion, of a courteous presence and a most agreeable wit, and who that has read his plays, could have doubted it? What sacrifice would we not make to obtain a perfect knowledge of his life and character? What would be the sensations of the literary world, if by chance these words should be seen in a newspaper? 'Lately recovered, a manuscript containing the life of William Shakspeare, by Ben Johnson, comprising copies of the letters which passed between him and several distinguished contemporaries, together with many original anecdotes of eminent persons, illustrative of the history of literature and the drama during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This precious treasure will shortly be published in three volumes octavo, with copious notes.' We would give the yearly profits of the Harvard Register (which is saying a great deal) to have had space and time annihilated and to have had the privilege of drawing sack with our own editorial hands, for one night, for the great dramatist and his immortal friend. With what transport should we have gazed on his glorious face as his forthcoming fancies threw a sparkling light over his eye and lip, and have noted down the 'pellets

of wit,' which passed between them during those keen encounters which Fuller in his Worthies of England, so ingeniously compares to a contest between a Spanish galleon and an English man of war, in which the latter's lightness and facility of being managed were more than a match for the former's high deck and superior weight of metal. 'Sed quidquid corrigere est nefas, levius fit patientia' is a truth which may be learned from a thousand moralists besides Horace, to say nothing of experience. We have only to deplore our misfortune in knowing so little of such men, and to pray that in future whenever nature makes a great man she will create at the same time some humble friend, who shall be content to revolve a satellite around the great luminary, and to shine with the reflected light of his glory.

A CONFESSION.

> By your gracious patience,
> I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
> Of my whole course of love.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

A CONFESSION! and why not, irate Reader? What is there in the idea so preposterous as to excite thy smile of derision, or so presumptuous as to stir up thy wrathful displeasure? Who has not read the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater?' Who *has* read the confessions of half the stage vagabonds of Great Britain, or the dying speeches and confessions of those patibulary gentlemen, who, according to their own accounts, have unfortunately met with the sad accident of hanging? But who ever had the good fortune to meet with the confessions of a lover of fourteen?

But why, some will ask, why speak on a subject, that even after the lapse of many years I cannot recall without exciting, at the same time, many pleasing and melancholic emotions? Ah! little do they know the human heart, who thus interrogate. Our pains, when shared by others, loose half their severity. Sympathy can make our bitterest sorrows light. My name—but soft! this requires some explanation; for as the scars that disfigure may appear even agreeable to us when the veteran points to them as honorable marks of distinction, so a name that militates against every principle of

rhythm and good taste, may sound euphonious and befitting when we know it has been a means of pleasure or profit to its bearer. My patronymic is Sims. My sponsorial appellation I owe to the interest I had excited in my maiden aunt, Bathsheba Sims, by courtesy, Mrs. Bathsheba Sims. She had the entire direction of our house at hame, and evinced her predeliction for scriptural names by insisting that I, her hopeful nephew and heir, should adopt the prenomen of Habakkuk or Jeckoniah. My father, who thought much more of neat cattle than of neat sounds, and who was much more of a connoisseur in swine than in symphonies, would have called me Lucifer to please the old lady. In this instance, however, he was induced by my propitious fate to prefix to his own name the latter mentioned of Aunt Bathsheba's choice. Thus at the baptismal fount was I watered and classed, Family, Sims——Genus, Jeckoniah.

I was born in Saugus. Reader! imagine me overwhelmed with a tide of tender recollections. I am an admirer of the inspired bard, and can feelingly exclaim with him

> Be it a weakness, it were worthy praise,
> To love the play-place of our early days.

A grateful melancholy comes over me at the recollection of our village green. The village bell chimes slowly in sad accordance with my sad emotions.

"*Saugus!* with all thy faults I love thee still."

My childhood glided hastily away. The revolving wheels of Time went so rapidly around, you might have fancied an opposition had been started. I reached my fourteenth year, knowing as much of this wide and wicked world as I did of Eastern Astrology; and fearing the 'winged God' as little as a Goshawk, when an accident happened—I fell in Love! The object of my devotion I cannot at this day mention without exciting the most pleasing, painful thoughts. She was the tallest, eldest, prettiest lass in our town-school. When this tribute meets her eye, may it not, aye, must it not, excite some emotion in her tender breast? Will she not heave one sigh for her rejected Jeckoniah?

Wilhelmina Weston was three years my senior. The difference of our ages, and the freedom of village intercourse, allowed us to meet frequently. She seemed to prefer my company to that of her other school-mates. In her walks

she was more frequently attended by me than by Ralph Jones, the apothecary's son, who was two year's older and a head taller than myself. Even on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when Ralph appeared in a satin vest lined with red, and adorned with a yellow watch-guard, he received less attention than I, Jechoniah, who could boast no such attractions. I often sauntered with my beloved Wilhelmina adown the romantic glens of Saugus, which (assist me ye powers of description!) were to me a paradise indeed. Leaving the school-house on our left we turned down a charming green lane, on the corner of which was situate Mr. Jones' shop. After crossing a little foot-bridge, and threading the pervious mazes of each green dell and dingle, we seated ourselves by the side of the Saugus Mill Dam. Virgil must have had some Italian Saugus in his mind's eye when he described his charming country residence.

> Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
> Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras.

Surely, however, our own dear Saugus was far preferable to his. Instead of the gentle murmur of the industrious bee, we heard the rapid whirling of the swift revolving water-wheel; the lively carol of the village factory girl surpassed the hoarse bass of the pruner of trees.

I confessed some time since that I was in love. 'As yet I had not told my love.' Thrice I essayed, and thrice essayed in vain. On every other subject I was rational enough, but the moment I attempted sentiment I lost sight of sense. How was I gratified by learning from Miss ——'s last novel, that the dreaded declaration might be made in writing. What a deal of stammering, stuttering, and blushing, had this welcome information saved me and my modesty. Miss Weston was to spend part of the winter with a relative in ——. I determined to address my first billet-doux to her during her absence. Never did heart-stricken youth anticipate with more rapture the return of his absent, than did I the departure of my present love. The day after Wilhelmina left Saugus I exchanged at the book-store half of my weekly allowance (lo the prodigality of love!) for a small sheet of paper, edged with blue, stamped with a Cupid, his bow and quiver, two hearts and a halter, together with many other quaint and curious devices, which the reader must ex-

cuse me for having forgotten. This sheet, when filled, was to constitute what we villagers call emphatically a love-letter; my idea of which may be best understood by a perusal of the production, which cost me two days' labour, and was as follows.

ENCHANTING WILHELMINA,

By withdrawing yourself from the attractions* of Saugus, what a crime have you committed, a robbery on the Courts of Cupid! Why immure your loveliness and talents in the country? Is the grassy mead sensible of your presence?—Do the flowers† bloom more brightly at your approach? Ah no! were they conscious they would but blush in envy of your beauty. Cease then to exult victorious over the flowrets that dare pretend rivalry to your charms. Haste to the gay scenes, the interest of which depart with yourself, to which your return will again bestow their accustomed gayety. Lovely Wilhelmina! return to those who can appreciate your talents and adore your virtues. Return, and once more cheer, by your mirth-exciting smile, the desponding heart of, Your dejected

JECKONIAH.

This rhotomontade, this beau-ideal of love letters, I supposed to amount to a full and explicit declaration of the state of my affections. Every post I expected an answer; but in vain! No answer came to gladden the heart of Jeckoniah. During her absence, I called at her house, and saw in the hands of one of the younger children my note—that very note that had cost me so much labour and anxiety, and from which I expected so much, was used to preserve the child's digits from the viscosity of a stick of candy. On one corner I saw, in her own neat characters, (the master always said she wrote neater joining hand than any of us,) the sentence, 'Poor lad, slightly dementate.' The last clause of this was Greek to me; from the first I understood she pitied me, and was gratified, for "pity is akin to love." But, Reader, figure to yourself my agitation when I found, on consulting my dictionary, that dementate signified crazy! She slighted me! What resolutions did I not form, before I came to my final

* Understand by these the village dancing master, Ralph Jones, and J. Sims, the author.

† Hyemis tempore sed per licentiam poeticam.

resolve, which was to put out the candle of my brief existence. After indicting an affectionate farewell to Wilhelmina, stating that her cruelty drove me to the horrid act, I pinned it very carefully inside my vest, as prudent mothers send their children to school, with their dues, on quarter day. Glowering at all I met, I rushed to Saugus Mill Dam, intent on self-destruction. Every object reminded me of her whose cruelty I was deploring. Here was the same murmuring stream, by the side of which I first learned to love. How oft had its liquid transparency reflected the image of my love. Each thought was maddening, so I plunged into Saugus Mill Dam. An instant only, and I found the rushing waves almost above my—boots. But seriously,—had it not been a very cold day, and had I not been afflicted with a severe cold, I believe I should have drowned myself. As it was, the truth suddenly flashed across my mind, that I was doing a very weak thing. If Wilhelmina love me, said my better judgment, I am about to inflict on her a terrible misfortune, which Heaven forfend! If she love me not, my death is then no sorrow to her mind. What was I to do in my despair? I magnanimously resolved to go beyond seas. By this prescription, every novel writer cures his hero of the three fashionable diseases—love, pulmonary complaints, and dyspepsia. In twenty-four hours from the time that he was standing almost knee deep in Saugus Dam, the love, person, and genius of Jeckoniah Sims were hidden in a caboose. Upon learning it was the fashion for love-lorn fugitives to sigh forth one sorrowing lament on leaving their land and love, I sent the following ditty or ballad to Wilhelmina; resolved, though in love, not to be out of fashion.

Stern love can pierce the stoutest heart,
As thick planks are by augers;
'Tis this that forces me to part
And leave my native Saugus.

It is a truth none can disown,
No lassie has so fine a
Voice and eye as are thine own,
Angelic Wilhelmina.

Farewell, sweet love—my land adieu,
Ne'er shall I meet diviner
Land or love than you, or you,
Saugus or Wilhelmina.

Let others praise gay Marblehead,
And some, perhaps, their Paugus,
I pray my head, when I am dead,
May be inhumed at Saugus.

This cruel Love will stop my breath,
'Tis not a theme to jest on,
Believe me ever thine till death,
Sweet Wilhelmina Weston.

A few weeks, and the ocean had been passed over, and I was to be found at the counting-house of an honorable Burgomaster of Nieuwersluis, Jan Von Slocknerschnausen by name. I sought to escape all recollection of my former love by mixing in the gayeties of Nieuwersluis! Reader, I was on the point of saying I threaded the mazes of the merry dance—but no, I did not! No merry dance had they I ween; no pirouettes I trow. But I slowly sidled in the solid shuffle. I listened attentively to the matronly vrow's eulogium on comforters and comfits. In accordance with German sensibility, I sighed as I helped her *well proportioned* daughters to their bread and butter.* Though I had as strong an antipathy to their cursed nicotiana as Royal James himself, I manfully withstood the battery of a thousand pipes. But all would not do. Comforters, sentiment, and bread and butter, all, all reminded me of Saugus and of her. From their pipes I learned that my love, though smothered, might still burn brightly. My heart was, as my employer would term it, 'a damaged article.'

Thrice I had seen the Zuyder Zee frozen over. Thrice had Von Slocknerschnausen, his vrow and daughter assisted, and to some purpose too, to swell the crowd partaking of their annual Dutch merry-making on its frozen surface. Thrice had the vernal breezes burst the icy fetters of winter. Thrice had the merchandise of the honest burgher floated down its waves. But the heart of the sorrowing clerk experienced no such oscillatory motions. Wilhelmina was still my Egeria—Saugus Mill Pond my Egeria's fount. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

It was a gay summer morning, the sun shone brightly. To

* "She had a brown loaf in her hands, and was cutting slices of bread and butter, which she distributed in a graceful and affectionate manner.—My whole soul was taken up with her air, her voice, her manner."—*Sorrows of Werter.*

none was the sun more bright, or the scene more gay, than to the travelled hero of our story. I had returned to the home of my fathers; of course all was delightful to one so willing to be delighted. The place of my nativity was as unchanged as my own mind. The 'Spirit of Improvement,' that stalking horse of modern orators, that most prominent personage in the school boy's theme, had not intruded himself upon the sweet retirement of Saugus.

> "I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
> And I knew the sweet strains that the *fact'ry girls* sung."

Here I vainly imagined I was to attain that fabled bliss, seldom mentioned except by novelists and poetasters, 'quiet contentment and a wedded wife.' "Vain hope!" exclaims my better judgment, and thus addresses me. "Jeckoniah, stop! here near that stream where, three years since, I saved your body from the fishes, and your soul from the"—here my better judgment happened to cough—"Stop and hearken to my pertinent queries. May not your Wilhelmina have left Saugus?—May she not reject your suit?—May she not have become another's Wilhelmina?—May she not be, literally an angel, *dead?* Alas, too sanguine Sims! will nothing stay your haste, so anti-Dutch? Go, then, but know you go to meet your doom." My Dutch dress and I, (to be lover-like and romantic in the extreme, I still sported my Nieuwersluis investments; 'who ever saw a lover sprucely dressed?') my Dutch dress and I soon reached Miss Weston's door. In an agitated voice, I inquired of the servant—"Is Wilhelm—is Miss Weston in?"—at the same time handing my card. I saw that I was not understood, but was told my name should be delivered. A moment after I heard the silvery tones of my love directing the servant to "show the gentleman in, and to take Araminta to the nursery and wash her face." But none of that tremulous emotion, which almost prevented my utterance, was perceptible in her unaffected calmness.——

Reader! (if indeed any have read thus far) Jeckoniah Sims is a man of many sorrows. He lives but for you; for his tale once ended, and he will be like one who has never been. I was before her, who was never absent from my thoughts. She, whom every tulip in Holland had imaged to my mind, was present. There stood herself 'in all her na-

tive dignity and grace.' She had the same beaming eye. She had the same melodious voice. She had the same bewitching smile.—She, no longer my Wilhelmina, but Mrs. Ralph Jones, she had—sympathizing reader!—she had—a little family.

TRAVEL.

" I feel my father's glen too narow for my expanding spirit."
MONASTERY.

THERE be few of us, in these practical days of great projects but small fortunes, who are able to quit our own 'hearthstane,' unless at a day's notice, and on business of the utmost moment. Few of us are idle enough; few of us are wealthy enough. The younger part of us are not obliged (almost I would that we were!) to journey from Rome to Athens for a competent education. An hour's walk will bring us to a first-rate school, and a day's ride, at most, to a 'well-endowed and flourishing seminary.' And though a fastidious ambition may have carried one or two all the way to Göttingen to finish their professional studies, we believe it to have been quite as often to escape the dire necessity of society for which they had no time, as in the hope of enjoying any literary advantages which could not be obtained at home.

But while the wide and general diffusion of those advantages, which were of yore confined to a few favored spots, has rendered travelling less a matter of necessity for young men, nothing can diminish, nor aught supply to them its wholesome influences. We may, indeed, find at home all the opportunities for improvement both of mind and body which can be gathered together and confined in one 'poor, particular' spot; but there are advantages which no one can teach us and no place contain, which nothing but going abroad into the world, and seeing strange lands, and conversing with strange men, can afford us. It is hardly too strong an expression, even in our day, that 'home keeping youth have ever homely wits.'

If we regard travel solely as the means of shifting the

scene around us, and unfolding to our view new forms and new beauties of nature, we can have no mean idea of its improving influence. The secret sympathy of mind with matter is as constant, as it is curious. And though, in our enthusiastic admiration of the might and eternity of the power within us, we fain would pass over, as of too slight moment for man's pride to notice, the restraints and bondage of its earthly prison; yet, mighty and eternal though it be, till reft of this mortality, it will struggle a vain resistance. The dominion of sense, though short, is absolute, and the varied coloring of its fleeting things no time can erase from the mind.

> "We live not but we become
> Portion of that around us."

The awful grandeur of the piled-up mountains, the unbroken smoothness of the plain, the vast sublimity of ocean, the tranquil murmur of the stream, gliding, 'like happiness, away,' and whatever else of grand or beautiful our senses may discover, all are mirrored out upon our minds, and lend successively their forms and coloring to our conceptions. 'Twas not the voice alone of the captive Bonnivard which caught the grating echo of the dungeon-stone. Mind no less than body must have fresh air and pure earth for its highest—noblest exercise. Its glorious energies must fail in him to whom these goodly elements are 'bann'd and barr'd.' If so intimate then be the connexion between ourselves and things around us, and it can be proved no less, it requires but little sagacity to infer that he, who would cherish to perfection the affections and faculties of his mind, should ever present to it the most imposing and interesting forms of matter. Nor will it require a greater portion of sagacity to perceive, by a parity of reasoning, that these forms of matter should be from time to time diversified. For though 'our lines may have fallen in pleasant places,' where nature has been profuse of her favors and lavish of her beauties, yet even at beauty, which is ever before us, we at last gaze without emotion. It is not less true at the feasts of intellect than of sense that the most savoury delicacies, by custom, lose their relish. The wonders of our own land have ceased to be wonders to us, for they are become as it were a part of our very existence. We gaze on them with an unmoved stare,

and to awaken our minds to any new emotions we must visit and view the 'wonder-works of God' in other climes. It is travel alone which can admit us into that intimate converse, that perfect communion with nature, which, while it lends wings to our imagination, allows judgment alone the power of controlling them.

But we turn from considering the influence which the mere outward face of Creation, as presented in ever-varying forms to the traveller, exerts on his mind, to that more important influence which the different tribes of his own species may exercise. Seldom or never does it come fully home to the mind of him, whose experience is confined within a few miles, or even a few hundred miles, how small and insignificant is the part which he plays in the great business of life. His own tribe or people or nation is the whole world to him, and from the condition of those in his immediate neighborhood are derived all his ideas of the nature and character and duties of man. Of the vast and complicated machinery of society he has neither knowledge nor notion. Or if occasional tidings from foreign climes shall arrest a momentary attention, he involuntarily attributes to their inhabitants a different existence and nature from what himself enjoys. Does he hear of one land whose fair flowers are never nipped by the chilling blast of winter, and where is enjoyed the delightful reality of that 'ver æternum' which would have seemed too beautiful for any thing but poetry? He thinks of it only as some fairy Utopia and of its inhabitants 'as little lower than the angels.' Or does he read of another land whose rarely-seen sun only serves to light up the perpetual snows on its thousand hills? Still less can he believe that its inhabitants can be men of like passions with himself. We can scarce form a definite conception of that which we have never seen. Our eager imagination will always, though without our bidding, run in to our aid, and supply by its false, but fair creations, our scanty knowledge. 'Tis not till we have been 'try'd and tutor'd in the world,' that we can understand it to perfection. 'Tis not till we have been abroad in other lands—have beheld the passions and affections and faculties of the mind, developed indeed in greater or less degrees in different climates and under different governments, but still worked upon by the same means and working-out the same ends—have seen the same ceaseless tides of happiness and misery, and sickness debilitating

and death destroying other people as well as our own, that we can have a just and perfect view of mankind. Then it is that we see, that though the flowers are fairer or the skies brighter in other climes, than in our own, still they are blooming and shining upon the same poor humanity—an humanity which changeth not with the latitude, but is every where the same, as the stars above us, which, though individually different, present every where the same bright page. And while we gain this wholesome knowledge of the world, we at the same time make the more difficult discovery of ourselves —of our own atomy littleness in the great mass of human existence.

Such are some of the advantages afforded to the common traveller. To the philosopher or the poet, the antiquarian or the scholar, the sick-in-body or the sick-at-heart, the peculiar benefits are obvious; but these are open to all. Even the half-witted fop who travels with no end except to gratify his inane curiosity, and into whose fashionable thoughts it has never entered, that any improvement either in his bodily or mental system is at all practicable, must still be in some measure benefited. These are advantages which, if we would, we could not resist. Our mind inhales them as our body the air around us. They require neither study nor research. As sure as we can see and hear and feel, and are possessed of the common faculties and affections of man, so sure will our travel, in whatever direction it be made, be followed by some measure of improvement. But to the judicious traveller, who goes abroad into the world at a proper age and for proper purposes and with proper preparation, the improvement is immeasurable. He, to use an old but apt and ingenious comparison, is like the river, whose stream is enlarged as it flows farther from its source, or like the spring which, traversing the rich veins of mineral, gains fresh strength and new power, as it passes.

DEPARTURE OF THE FAIRIES.

In times of old, in golden days
The poet sang of elves and fays,
  And fairies tripping by the moon,
Whose tender feet are hardly seen
Brushing the dew-drops from the green,
  So light they skip to fairy tune.

The dance is ended; see, they hie,
They skim along the liquid sky,
  All joyful on the wing;
And now in Sylphid robes of state,
They meet before the palace gate
  And form the magic ring,

Then flit around the royal dome
Built by the art of Umbriel, gnome
  Renowned in fairy land;
Since he, sedate and thoughtful wight,
Deigned only here exert his might,
  And lift his elfin wand.

But far within that palace high,
Remote from ken of vulgar eye,
  Upon his ebon throne,
That sparkled with the diamond rare,
The ruby red and sapphire fair,
  Was matchless Oberon.

    And by his side,
    In queenly pride,
Sat Zephyretta royal bride;
    Her only care
    To guard the fair
And listen to the ladies' prayer.

The magic ceases; now the band
Without the palace, give command,
  And Ariel darts aside;
Like Maia's son he wings his way,
His plumes with countless colors gay
  The yielding air divide.

    Low bending down
    Before the throne,
He thus begins his plaintive moan:
    "O, mighty king,
    "Assistance bring;
"What woes from men to spirits spring.

"In simple days of olden time,
"No poet dared a ballad rhyme
"Without the Sylphid's aid;
"That happy day, alas! has gone;
"The poet sings in Attic lone,
"No vows to fairy paid.

"The good old poets filled their shelves
"With stories of the dapper elves;
"The 'Faerie Queene' was Spencer's song:
"But Science now the bard affects,
"And all but prosing truth rejects,
"With demonstration long."

Thus Ariel spake: the king with ire;
"By every sprite of earth and air
"O'er whom I empire boast;
"Of all shall thoughtless man be reft,
"And nothing shall be longer left,
"Save the poor lonely ghost."

CUI BONO?

A dream—no more—
An undigested grape will do as much—

To the novelty-seeking portion of our readers an apology may appear necessary before the Polyglots shall presume to lay before them another dream—and that apology should be forthcoming, were it not that looking back upon our pieces, we feel unable to place our finger upon any part of the Register as being substantial, real, unlike a dream—to apologize then would be a vast undertaking—it would be a review of all we have written—and a more dull, uninteresting, and prosing article who can imagine? To the many dreams that have figured on our pages we would now add one.

Sad was the last meeting of the club—from Sturdy to Blank all were gloomy and dejected—a reassembling, a reappearance were no longer realities to be expected—naturally enough a meeting that had within it so little attraction soon broke apart—and all the nine paced most soberly to their rooms. When seated by my fire I fell to musing upon the Register. I long puzzled myself trying to answer the question—where has been the benefit of all this writing, this cor-

recting, and this publishing? what man, woman, or child is there (with the exception of those we have condemned) that will even thank us for the work? I was yet undecided upon this important case of 'Cui Bono?'—when I fell asleep, and soon was dreaming. Methought I assumed a spiritual form the better to escape observation—and forthwith roamed abroad to catch tidings of the Register. I first bent my way homewards—but I felt so sensibly 'the solitude of passing my own door without a welcome,' that I paused—had my body been with me I might have gotten over the difficulty much more easily—I then might have busied myself with wiping my feet, and tossing my cloak and hat about to show my indifference. 'A most strange reception' as Miss Angelina Mackintosh would say—thought I. Thinking of Miss Angelina I instantly found myself in her presence. She had just locked the entrance to her little parlour that she might pass the evening by herself—nor did my presence at all interfere with her plan—for she was of course altogether unconscious of my being near her. I was surprised, or rather amused, to observe the care with which the door and shutters of her room were fastened—nothing but her pug Pompey, her cat Cornelia, and an immaterial spirit like myself could possibly have found entrance. After examining the various articles that were most methodically arranged round the room, I turned my attention to the inmate herself—she appeared young and fascinating—the gambols of the cat distracted my attention—and when I turned again to Angelina, what a change was there—she had lost her beauty and found thirty years instead thereof—and all this was owing to her having laid aside a smart bunch of curls to make room for a pair of glasses. 'Frailty thy name is woman' thought I. She took up the Register, which I had before observed upon her table, and began to read it. I thought that from her being in private I might be able to gather her thoughts from her face—but no, she had played her part too long not to carry it from the stage. Her expression was such a compound of smiles and frowns that I despaired of being able to form any opinion of her sentiments. At all events she did not read long. Taking paper and ink she began after great preparation an epistle, which commenced as follows—"Dear cousin, I am very much pleased"—satisfied with this expression I left her room without once thinking that such is the most common way of answering a

letter, especially when you care not a farthing for your correspondent. My love for the Polyglots in this case fairly ran away with me.

My next visit was to an Attic occupied by one of the most severe critics that ever dipped pen in gall—I don't know that he could be called severe in the usual sense of the word, for his satire was so unsparingly and carelessly thrown forth, that it injured seldom except in the recoil—in short, he was severe occasionally upon others, almost invariably so upon himself. I found him very busy at his desk. After moving his pen very rapidly for some time during which his face grew more and more bright, he rose from his seat and gave way to his exultation in the following soliloquy as he thought it. "Now this Register is done up, it will be immediately condemned—no doubt of that. I will publish my remarks without the least delay—the printer advises me to do it anonymously, but I wont—I will come out boldly, or not at all—they shall see the hand that has cut them with so little partiality. Let me see the title page, something very severe might be said thereon;" he looked at the book and in a moment it was flying across the room. "As I live and expect to starve," cried he, "I have criticised my own 'Art of criticising'—so much for compiling—and there lies the Register untouched." I left him and soon after was in the chamber of a poor author; with a sort of brotherly feeling I hunted round the room for the Register, and soon saw it performing real service—one number was placed over a large ink spot on his bureau—another served to cover a rent in his counterpane, and another backed by a flat-iron made a tolerable substitute for a square of glass. The 'improver' of the room 'as a farmer would call him' was busy bringing about the conclusion of a long novel, that had already cost him more than he could ever expect to see refunded as long as there was common sense in the land. It appeared that he had placed his hero in the midst of such difficulties, that, on the supposition of his having nerves and feelings like other men, it would be impossible to let him refrain from committing suicide. Well then, said the author to give it effect as he wrote it down. "Wound up to a pitch of desperation"—vide that article in Rees before I print—"Colonel Augustus paced the platform in agony, his determination was soon made—running to the fire in the mess-room he seized a coal, and then standing over the magazine he threw it upon

the powder." "There," continued the hasty author pushing back—"I have disposed of my hero—but, stop—can I lose a character that I have been so long forming? Can I afford to blow such an exemplar of every thing noble—such a lover, such a friend, to atoms? No, he must be saved—and it shall be done by a forcible antithesis—for instance, 'no explosion followed—it was a bit of Lehigh coal'—short, pithy, and saving—'faith I'll prent it.' My next visit was to a very corpulent gentleman, whose face bore clear proof of his good nature and easy disposition—he of all that I saw during my strange tour was the only one who appeared to take much interest in the oft mentioned book; seated before a cheering fire he smoked and read with evident satisfaction; what share each of these circumstances had in forming his feelings I shall not attempt to decide.

Immediately after I stood in Harry Clifton's room, where I found him executing a pigeon wing before a looking glass on the floor—he soon appeared fatigued, and throwing himself into a chair, lisped forth—"I suspect I will read a little of Register after this." What, not before? thought I, and would I have said so had my body been with me. I soon left him. 'Frailty, thy name must be Harry.' You have a pretty face, a pretty hat perhaps, but withal such a pretty idea of your own self that there is no enduring you.

After this my dream became more and more unpleasant—I saw mantua-makers' patterns, tailors' measures and the interior of trunks floating by me in awful reality—till at length I was started wide awake by the loud voice of an editor calling to his printer, 'Do not give credit to that piece from the Harvard Register.' From that moment to this I have not been able to decide whether my vision was really a dream—of course I have never felt ready to answer the 'cui bono?' it remains as much a mystery as ever.

LIFE IN COLLEGE.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn my eye as night grows later,
To view unheeded and unseen
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

Byron.

A college life is different from all others. There is something in the affection of our Alma Mater which changes the nature of her adopted sons; and let them come from wherever they may, she soon alters them and makes it evident that they belong to the same brood. From the quaking day of his entrance to the glad hour of graduating the student is a different being. He commences a new existence under the frowns of his examination, which does not end until after four years of joy and vexation he obtains the long desired A. B.

The single-breasted coat, which envelopes the Freshman is not more unlike any fashionable habit under the sun, than is the life he is entering upon unlike all others. He lies down on his first night and instead of slumbering in happy forgetfulness, his brain is bewildered by flaming meteors in the shape of squibs, together with the whole magazine of Sophomores' roguery. He travels wearily over in visions the term he is to wait for his initiation into college ways and his *Admittatur*, which seems as long and dreary as from Dan to Beersheba. Before sunrise, the *musical* sound of the prayer bell arouses him from his slumbers, and half awake—half asleep—and nearly annihilated with the fear of being tardy he scampers off at the *first* bell for the chapel, where finding no brother student of a higher class to encourage his punctuality, he crawls back to watch the starting of some one blessed with a *crows-foot* to act as a van-guard.

But it would be tedious to tell how he gains step by step his knowledge of college customs. How many false examinations he undergoes; of how many societies—'Airy nothings' he becomes a member; how many times he finds his table and chairs gymnasticising and his books warming themselves comfortably by the fire; how often after his day of *digging*, when he comes to lay his weary head to rest, he finds the cruel sheets giving him no admittance; in a word how many *hoaxes* he experiences and how much ridicule he endures, before he becomes a true son of Harvard—before he obtains the cha-

racter of a student, which, were it not for his weekly emigrations, would destroy his identity.

Nothing less than experience can give a correct idea of the entrance, the abiding—and the departure at our venerable University. Nothing less than a degree, will open for us a real description of the generosity and recklessness which belong to college. One must stand up in the singleness of his ignorance, to understand all the mysterious feelings connected with a *dead*. One must experience all the stammering and stuttering—the unending doubtings, and guessings to understand fully the power of a mathematical *screw*.

It requires time too, to understand fully the parties and politics of College. Many are the grave discussions and entry caucusses, to determine what favoured few are to be graced with the sash and the epaulets, and march as leaders in the Martial Band. Whilst these important canvassings are going on, it behooves even the humblest and meekest to beware how he buttons his coat or stiffens himself to a perpendicular, lest he be more than suspected of aspiring to some military capacity. But the *Harvard Washington Corps* must not be passed over without further notice. Who can tell what eagerness fills it ranks on an Exhibition day? With what spirit and bounding step the glorious phalanx wheels into the College yard? with what exultation they mark their banner as it comes floating on the breeze from Holworthy? And ah! who cannot tell how this spirit expires—this exultation goes out when the clerk calls again and again for the assessments?

Often too are the qualifications for a part or admittance into some association discussed in those fire-side circles so peculiar to college, where stories and *puns* circulate instead of the goblet. The Societies themselves, moreover are peculiar and have considerable influence in begetting the eccentricities of our literary childhood. They are many and various in their designs and called by names so crooked that—in the words of Jack Lawton—they are confoundedly hard to wheel around. Some have secrets too which outdo all the Grips, Pass-Grips—Jubelos and Jubelums of Free-Masonry.

The Freshman is admitted into the lesser mysteries and mayhap, as he grows older in College he is introduced into the higher orders. The first Club of which he becomes a member is the *Euphradian*, well known as the fountain head of that eloquence which is now and ever will continue flowing

abroad to nourish and vivify the community. Next he joins the *Institute*; an association built in the true style of Yankee architecture that is in the Composite Order. When he signs the Constitution he is initiated into the *Fraternity*—the *Hermetics* and the *Akribologoumenoi;* for these ancient institutions have poured their learning, wit, reputation and all into the lap of this newly created beauty, although it is true she dates her existence from the year 1770. By and by he may arrive at the honour of being one of those who bear proudly for their seal the pudding pot and the ladle and feed on hasty pudding. It may be his good fortune too to wear the silver badge of the *Porcellians* or be dubbed a *Knight of the Square Table.* But great must be his mind—unbounded his learning—incomparable his wit—who is to be enrolled on thy dignified Catalogue—oh! thou immortal *Medical Faculty*—who hast kindled the great beacon light of science and sent thy mental missionaries into the dark places of the universe!

There were in days past, other associations to vary the monotony of a student's life. The Deipnophagoi—The *H. K. P.* —the *Navy* and the *Lazy* Clubs, oh where are they? They have gone out like the expiring life of aged friends. Their secrets have been revealed; their altars broken up—and they have gone down to oblivion.

But let us not forget to mention—that the soft notes of the *Pierian Sodality,* still at times, steal over the common at midnight; and that the *Arionics* still strive in humble imitation. Neither let the Glees and Catches of the *Anacreontics* nor the psalmody of the *University Choir* be passed over in silence—or those patriotic and national songs which go up on the anniversary morn of our Independence in animating strains from amid the relics of a common's breakfast.

There are some other features of college life we fain would sketch but our pen confesses its weakness in the attempt. Would we could call upon the *Engine* to give out a history of the exertions of those who managed it in days of yore; or that we could contrive to make the *Delta* yield up a narrative of the sports it has witnessed. It could tell, before it took its present gallows appearance, of Cricket—Base—and Football; it could tell how many pedal members began the game with white, unspotted skins, but limped off at its conclusion tinged with variegated hues. It could tell moreover in these latter gymnastic days of attitudes and gambols outdoing the

mad pranks of fairy Puck and all his nimble brotherhood—or perhaps they would more naturally suggest the crazy tumbles of Don Quixote, in honour of his Dulcinea, which shocked even the delicacy of Sancho. But all these things and many others must wait for the pen of some bolder historian.

But college like mortal life must have its end. We all must leave its pleasant scenes and some of us soon. And though we shall hail with joy the hour of our departure, we shall look back on the four years spent at college, with a fond and melancholy regret. We are anxious to 'sink or swim' on the 'sea of troubles'—but we will never cease to honour, to love and to uphold this birth-place of our minds.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

We presume that our readers have already learned that the Harvard Register closes with the present number, but in compliance with general custom, the Editors would here formally announce it to their subscribers, and like the manager of a theatre at the close of a season, would come forward to make their best bow, and return thanks to their friends and the public in a set speech, though we do not, like him, request a further continuance of their favors. We would beg leave at the same time to say a few words, respecting the feelings and motives with which we commenced and have conducted the work; and since our intellectual offspring is doomed to die we would 'adjust its mantle ere it falls.'

We began our undertaking with no very sanguine anticipations of success, and in closing it, we feel none of that chagrin and bitterness of spirit which results from blasted hopes and the failure of darling projects. We did not presume to direct the public taste or to sit in judgment on the times—we did not endeavor to startle by the proposal of bold theories or to delight by the graceful exposition of long-received opinions. Our aim was to conduct an humble unassuming periodical, which sympathy and a fellowship of interests would recommend to the student, which the old and the middle aged, who have not yet forgotten their college feelings, would look upon with indulgence for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and

which would be interesting to the immediate friends of the writers, whose partiality would make them blind to its defects and sharpen their perception of whatever was meritorious or praiseworthy. We have never attempted to dazzle by our eloquence or astonish by our learning; were there no other opposing reasons, we were too young and too much occupied with more important pursuits to give a decided tone and character to our work, and the reader will look in vain for any marked originality of style or conception. Still more injudicious would it have been to have attempted to imitate the excellence we could never hope to equal; it would have been absurd for striplings such as we, to have aped the dashing extravagance of Blackwood or the sober elegance and classic wit of the New Monthly. We hoped to obtain only a local and temporary interest and never dreamed of giving extensive and permanent fame to our boyish productions. Whatever be the opinion formed of our journal, it cannot be said of it as of Phaëton 'magnis excidit ausis;' the only charge that can be brought against us is that of being dull and common-place, and these qualities are always forgiven except they be united with arrogance and presumption. However our labors may be estimated, we hope that the sins of her children may not be visited upon our venerable Alma Mater in whose lap we are now reposing. She has long enough been forced to smart for the individual errors of her numerous offspring; we hope she may be spared in this instance. Let the penalty whatsoever it be, fall on our own heads. If we have played a losing game, we will cheerfully pay the forfeit.

Setting out with these views and feelings we have had no reason to be dissatisfied with the success with which we have met. We have enjoyed the favor of those who we presumed would smile on our labors, and we have been received with perfect indifference by the world at large, which also we expected. We have met with little encouragement and less opposition—we have not been flattered into sleek self-complacency nor stung by caustic sarcasm into the convulsive energy of madness. We regret that we have not received a more cordial support from our fellow-students and that a considerable portion of them have rendered us anything but cooperation and assistance, but college criticism is so mingled with the leaven of personality and the judgments of students are so influenced by their feelings and so warped by their prejudices, that

we have but little regarded the comparatively feeble opposition within the walls of college, especially as we had the good opinion of all those whose good opinion is valuable. The opposition from without has been too insignificant to be mentioned.

But it is high time to bring our remarks to a close and we would beg pardon of our readers for detaining them so long, but this is the last time we shall ever trouble them. We part from the public neither in sorrow nor in anger.—We do not feel the proud satisfaction of unappreciated merit, nor do we expect that posterity will do us the justice which our contemporaries deny. So limited has been the circulation of our journal and so noiseless the tenor of its way, that we are equally strangers to the pains and pleasures of authorship; our sensibility has not been wounded by neglect, nor our temper roused by opposition, as falls to the lot of more distinguished literary men. Our work will straightway be quietly laid on the shelf to sleep with its fathers and will soon pass out of the memory of men, and the productions of our unmellowed youth shall not rise up in judgment against us, to blast the reputation of our riper years. We now bid farewell to our friends, our enemies, and the public in general, wishing to each and all, all manner of prosperity and happiness. We return our cordial thanks to our friends for their kindness and good-nature and regret that our exertions have not been more gratifying to them and more creditable to us. To those who have opposed us we feel no ill will and would congratulate them, inasmuch as the offensive object will no longer meet their eyes. To the public at large we have only to say, that though wholly free from any feelings of personal mortification, we lament in common with all scholars, that spirit of literary indifference which has given a deathblow to far more ambitious projects than the Harvard Register.